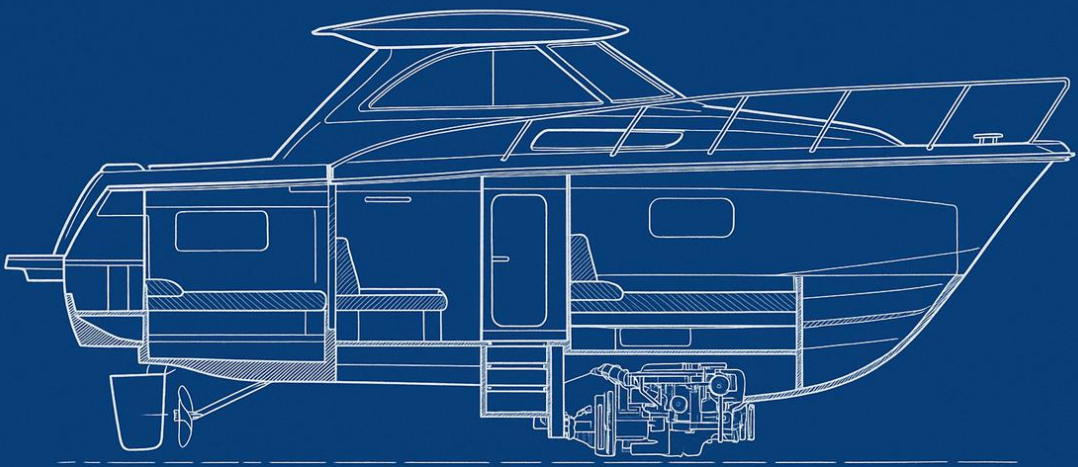
MOTOR BOAT. TWO CABINS.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION

Alba Pratalia

Motorboat.

Two cabins.

By Alba Pratalia

INT. SMALL KITCHEN – NIGHT – CHRISTMAS EVE

Two mugs. No tree. Rain against the window like fingernails. Nick stands awkwardly, a tiny wrapped packet in hand.

NICK *(producing it)*

Happy Christmas.

LAURA *(blinking)*

What?

NICK

Happy Christmas.

LAURA

We said no presents. Very clearly. In writing. Blood pact.

NICK

Exactly. That's why I'm giving you one.

LAURA

Oh, come on, don't—

(But she takes it. Instinct. Tears paper. A small keychain: globe-shaped, dull bronze.)

NICK

The world is yours.

LAURA *(dry)*

Oh, I'm Scarface now?

NICK

Wasn't me who tried her father's razor on at age seven.

LAURA *(beat)*

So what now? I'm humiliated, empty-handed, and you call me Paul Muni?

NICK

Classy. You could've said Pacino.

LAURA

Pacino's for amateurs. Muni's for people who bleed in black and white.

NICK

Spoken like a girl who once bit a priest for calling her 'young lady.'

LAURA *(shrugs)*

He deserved it. Touched my elbow like it owed him rent.

NICK

And I thought the gift would be the awkward part.

LAURA

It *is* awkward. It's also...

(Looks at it again. Something flickers.)

... kind of perfect.

NICK *(offhand)*

Bought it for someone else, to be honest.

LAURA *(smiles)*

Liar.

NICK

Habit.

LAURA *(holds up the globe)*

So what do I do with it?

NICK

Put your keys on it. Or throw it at me when I inevitably disappoint you again.

LAURA *(after a moment)*

Let's start with keys.

A long pause. Laura holds the keychain. Something in the air shifts—like the lights dimmed just from eye contact.

LAURA *(suddenly, low)*

Come on. Give it here.

NICK *(blinks)*

What?

LAURA

Come on. Pants down. Give it here.

NICK

Whattery what now?

LAURA *(rolls eyes)*

Oh, come *on.* Cum *on.* I'm wanking you.

NICK

I—wait—what—

LAURA

As if I didn't do it a hundred times under the duvet with you pretending to sleep.

NICK *(frozen, somewhere between fear and arousal)*

I wasn't pretending.

LAURA *(already on her feet)*

God, you're such a museum piece.

NICK

That's ageist.

LAURA *(grabbing his belt, pulling him gently but very deliberately forward)*

It's true. You creak when you sit.

NICK *(weakly)*

It's the knees...

LAURA *(undoes belt, casually)*

Then stand. Let me handle this like it's 2009 and we hate ourselves a little less.

(Pause. Their faces are close now. Breathless. Kitchen clock ticks like a judge.)

NICK

Is this your way of saying thanks for the keychain?

LAURA

This is my way of making sure you never dare to top it.

(She slides the belt free with a practiced flick. It lands on the floor with a soft slap. He gasps—either from memory or friction.)

NICK

Well. Merry Christmas to all.

LAURA *(grinning)*

And to all a good night.

Laura

(stroking faster now, but not harder—she knows the blueprint like a symphony score)

There... just like that.

Nick *(barely breathing)*

Oh God... yes...

Laura *(quoting herself, like a porn diva referencing her greatest aria)*

"See? I go faster... but I don't grip stronger. As you like it. I know."

Nick *(voice cracking like drywall in a flood)*

You're... pretty didascalic... for someone about to make me explode—

Laura *(smirking—then suddenly, she squeezes his balls like they owe her money)*

Nick *(nearly folds in half like a deck chair)*

The world... is really yours...

Laura *(whispering in his ear)*

Yes, darling. And you're just the souvenir keychain.

(She strokes once more with that final flourish—part concert pianist, part war criminal—and Nick lets out a sound that hasn't been heard since the Fall of Troy.)

INT. KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

Nick *(screams)*

AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH—

(It's not a human sound. It's the death rattle of empires, the anguished wail of marble statues cracking, the final groan of the Roman Senate as it's sacked by Goths and lust.)

His cum blasts.

And blasts.

And blasts.

Like a jet-powered bottle of prosecco,

uncorked by God's drunk uncle.

One heroic sperm rides the white tide like Slim Pickens on the bomb.

SPERM *(tiny voice)*
Toto... I don't think we're in Kansas anymore...

INT. FRONT DOOR – SAME MOMENT

Door opens. Enter: ***Laura's boyfriend.*** *Gym bag slung over shoulder. Keys still in hand. Whistling.*

He gets obliterated.

The first spurt: right in the **eye.**
Second: **nostril.**
Third: **mouth.**

He chokes, sputters, slips on a slick patch of existential dread and protein.

BOYFRIEND

Haughkkk—what the—

(*gags*)

Is this almond milk?!

INT. KITCHEN – STUNNED SILENCE

Laura *(still holding Nick's softening dick, calm as sunrise)*

Well. That's awkward.

Nick *(wheezing)*

Tell him it's... artisanal aioli.

Laura *(to boyfriend, sweetly)*

You're early.

BOYFRIEND *(still gagging, slipping on the floor)*

What the *fuck* is happening?!

SPERM *(still airborne, final whisper)*

Ave Maria... gratia plena...

THWAP. It lands.

Joe *(blinking through ocular ejaculate)*

You're... *still wanking him.*

Laura *(calm, still rhythmically stroking)*

I can explain.

Joe

You're STILL WANKING HIM.

Laura

That's how he likes it. You keep going for about thirty seconds *after* he comes.

Nick *(voice now barely a squeaky balloon animal)*

That's indeed... how I like it.

Laura *(smug, with one-handed flourish)*

See?

(Beat. She twirls his softening cock like a maître d' presenting a cheese platter.)

Joe *(trying to wipe cum from his eye with a sock)*
Is this a sex thing or an emotional terrorism thing?

Nick *(wobbly, pants at ankles)*
Yes.

Laura *(finally releases her grip, wipes hand on tea towel)*
We're nothing if not consistent.

Joe *(gasping)*
There's *sperm in my beard*.

Laura
It's organic.

INT. KITCHEN – SAME HELLISH NIGHT

Joe *(real name JOSÉ, eyes blazing, voice trembling like a mariachi violin in a hurricane)*
¡¿QUÉ CARAJO ES ESTO, LAURA?!
I go to the gym for *forty-seven minutes* and come home to a *Gringo jerking off in my kitchen?!*

Laura *(matter-of-fact, hand still firmly working post-nut maintenance)*
Technically I'm jerking him off. He's just... flopping along.

Nick *(panic squeak)*
I am so sorry. I thought you were vegan.

José *(snatches gym bag, ready to throw it like a discus)*
I will kill you with creatine.

Nick *(tries to run, pants around ankles, slips and stumbles out the back door like a cartoon*

goose)

Aaaaah!

Laura *(chasing, hand STILL ON DICK, muttering to herself)*

One... two... three—shit, did I already count three? One... two...

José *(yelling from the doorframe)*

YOU'RE STILL STROKING HIM!?

Laura *(shouting back)*

He needs *thirty seconds*! I lost count! It resets if I stop! It's in his *user manual!*

Nick *(screaming in the garden)*

It's true! *If you stop before thirty I get hives!!*

José *(tearing his shirt open like a telenovela protagonist with rage-based pecs)*

I WILL SODOMIZE YOU WITH A TAMALE!

Laura *(still running, breathless)*
Let me finish the countdown *and then you can kill him*! Fair?

José *(actually considers it)*
...fair.

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT – BENNY HILL MODE ENGAGED

YAKETY SAX plays **spiritually** in the background.

Nick **shuffles at a tragic waddle**, pants around ankles, dick flopping like a metronome in hell.

Laura is **right behind him**, hand still working like a trooper, eyebrows furrowed with mathematical focus.

José follows, shirt torn, fists clenched, brain cells battling between rage, betrayal, and *wait-she's-still-counting?*

LAURA

Look, look, loo—stop!

Let me finish the thirty seconds, *then* we talk.

JOSÉ *(snorting)*

...Okay. Makes sense.

LAURA *(relieved)*

Thank you.

(*resets voice to meditation app tone*)

Oooooooone...

Twooooooo...

EXT. BACKYARD – 30 SECONDS OF AGONIZING SILENCE

Nick stares at the stars, **legs trembling**, still being wanked like a windshield wiper on the wrong speed setting.

He lets out **long, post-orgasmic moans** like a monk possessed by a ghost with a foot fetish.

NICK *(moaning)*
Ooooh... mmmmh... fuuuuuck...
Is this... is this the afterlife?
Oh God I hear colors...

JOSÉ *(arms crossed, deadpan)*
You sound like a dying llama in a sex cult.

LAURA *(focused, still stroking)*
Eleven... twelve...
Don't interrupt. You'll mess up my tempo.

NICK *(shaking)*
Please don’t stop. I see my childhood. And... a croissant.

JOSÉ *(gritting teeth)*

Why is he making *jamón noises*?

LAURA

Seventeen... eighteen... it's the moaning refractory phase. Totally normal.

NICK

Tell my mother I forgive her.

LAURA

Twenty-five... twenty-six...

JOSÉ

I've killed men for less than this.

LAURA

And you can again. In four seconds.

Twenty-nine... thirty.

(She releases his dick like she's laying down a sacred relic. It *twangs*.)

NICK *(collapses to the grass, blissed out, pants still around ankles)*

I can die now.

JOSÉ *(beat. Then calmly)*

Now.

We talk.

Nick lies in the grass like a fallen saint, pants still at his ankles, glowing like the Virgin of the Afterglow.

Laura stands over him, arms crossed, triumphant. Her hand is now drying on a dishtowel.

José stands five feet away, shirtless, shaking with testosterone and existential dread.

JOSÉ

Let's talk about killing you both.

NICK *(eyes closed, voice dreamy)*

Be my guest. *Morituri te salutant.*

LAURA *(scoffs)*

Oh no. I'm *not* dying without an orgasm like *his*.

JOSÉ *(snaps)*

I'll fuck you into one as I kill you!

LAURA *(deadpan)*

Good luck with that. I said *an orgasm like HIS*. Only *he* can make me cum like that.

JOSÉ *(blinks. Soul shatters in eight languages)*

What...

NICK *(raises a limp hand like a knight accepting a medal)*

Confirm. Certified. Not my fault. I'm just *good*.

LAURA *(to José, sweet as cyanide)*

I even stopped squeezing during the fake

orgasms with *you*.

I just say “oh my, wow wow” and you finish.

Every. Time.

JOSÉ *(visibly deflates like a pool toy shot in Juárez)*

...You said *“wow wow”* like it meant something!

LAURA

It meant "hurry up, I left the kettle on."

NICK *(giggling faintly)*

She did. We burned three teabags that night.

JOSÉ

I have never hated a man with his penis out more than I do now.

NICK *(nods)*

Understandable. But in your defense, *it’s majestic right now.*

JOSÉ *(screams into the void)*
I NEED TO SPEAK TO A PRIEST.

Nick sits up slightly, brushing grass from his chest, pants still around ankles like a defeated gladiator in Crocs.

NICK *(earnest, hands raised)*
Look, look. Peace talks.
Not for *me*—for *you two*. I hate to see a couple fighting.

(Beat.)

Boyfriend… what's your name, sorry?

JOSÉ *(gritted teeth)*
José. Call me Joe.

NICK *(extending hand, still lying down like a Renaissance nude)*
How do you do, Joe. I'm Nick.

JOE *(not shaking, obviously)*

Nick.

NICK

Now, Joe—hear me out—I can teach you.

JOE

You can *what*?

LAURA *(arms crossed)*

Well… *not* like *him.*

NICK

Right, not like me. Say… *fifty percent* me.

LAURA *(immediate)*

Thirty-eight. At *best*.

JOE *(spinning)*

What the lo que—que *what*?!

NICK *(gentle)*

Agree to thirty-eight. I can teach you to be thirty-eight percent me.

JOE *(absolutely lost)*

Thirty-eight percent of *what*?!

LAURA *(calm)*

Of the man who made me sing like a fucking opera house *without* even kissing me.

NICK

It's true. She hit high C while quoting Proust. I took notes.

JOE

I *brought almond milk and spinach home* for this?!

NICK

And you'll take home *skills*, Joe.
Life-changing, *pelvis-realigning*, **statistically verified** skills.

JOE *(crumbling)*

What do you want me to do—sign up for a wanking apprenticeship?!

LAURA

That's called a *marriage*, babe.

INT. LIVING ROOM – LATE NIGHT – GATORADE HAS BEEN CHUGGED, DIGNITY NOT SO MUCH

Laura lies reclined like a nude philosopher-queen. Legs spread with architectural precision. A modern Venus of vulva pedagogy.

Nick and Joe kneel like worshippers at the shrine of redemption. One seasoned. One sincerely confused.

NICK *(claps hands together like a coach on the sidelines)*

Alright. Show me how you do it.

LAURA *(flat, arms crossed)*

He doesn't *do* it.

NICK *(recoils like she just confessed to burning books)*

You don't…?

JOE *(raising arms like a hostage)*

I never knew where to put… like… the card. There's no slot.

NICK *(grimacing, muttering)*

Dear Lord Rocco... why hast thou forsaken this Texican?

NICK *(scoots closer, gestures delicately at Laura's anatomy like Bob Ross painting a sexy cloud)*

Okay. Okay. *Here.* See this area?

This is the welcome mat.

You lick *here*. This is the *foyer of joy.*

JOE *(leans in, confidently licks... the wrong direction entirely)*

NICK *(pulls back like a mom catching a kid licking the toaster)*

No! No. Bad Texican.

Not there. That's *decorative*. It's like licking the *chimney* of a house. Nobody lives there.

JOE *(trying to recover, shoves fingers in like he's changing a tire)*

NICK *(horrified)*

Gently, you over-ripped workouter! This isn't CrossFit!

(To Laura, defeated) *Why even...?*

LAURA *(lazily pointing around the room)*

See this house? See the pool?

Now look again—*the pool has a house.*

This pool *owns real estate.*

And *you*, Joe? You don't even have a *rent-controlled nut shed.*

JOE *(shrugging)*

Now now... give him credit. He's teaching me important stuff.

NICK *(beaming like a perverted Mr. Miyagi)*

Yeah, tell her, Joe. We're working on fundamentals here.

LAURA *(squinting, suspicious)*

Hey... wait a second...

(beat)

What the fuck is happening here?

(They both freeze. Nick still pointing at labia like he's drawing battle plans. Joe still kneeling like he's waiting for the Eucharist.)

Laura lounges, glistening, still regally nude. A woman whose orgasm is not just an event—it's a *geopolitical incident*. Nick kneels like a guru. Joe watches like a kid at his first bullfight.

JOE *(eagerly)*
You show me. I'll do the same.

LAURA *(without even moving her head)*
For your ego? I wouldn't recommend it.

JOE *(pleading)*
But I'm learning from the best.

LAURA *(sighs)*
Fair. It's your ego.
And my *galactic orgasm*.

NICK *(serene, hands on thighs like a samurai)*

Okay, Joe. I'm going in.

She's gonna come fast. You don't worry about that.

When you do it, you take your time. You learn the language.

Eventually, *she'll cum.*

Okay?

JOE *(nodding, wide-eyed)*

Okay.

NICK *(pointing like a sensei)*

Now look.

I lick *here*—

LAURA *(gasps)*

Oh God, I had almost forgotten...

NICK

Now I suck—right here—

Light vacuum, not Dyson.

And fingers, *around here*, gentle circles.

LAURA *(twitches)*

God protect me from my *own biology*.

NICK *(focused, almost holy)*

Now I insert... fingers *like so*.

Move them *like so*.

Keep sucking *right here*, maintain rhythm—

LAURA

Screams.

Like she's giving birth to the universe in reverse.

The *windows rattle*.

Paint chips off the ceiling.

The lights flicker like she's powered by orgasmic electricity.

Her body turns **redder than Tabasco**, then **crimson**, then **infrared**.

She **implores**, **thanks**, and **apologizes** to gods from:

- Hinduism
- Islam
- The Flying Spaghetti Monster
- A 1990s anime cult
- And one forgotten Mesopotamian fertility deity

NICK *(in deep apnea, face buried like a diver searching for Atlantis)*
(He doesn't speak. He simply survives. There is no air. There is only purpose.)

JOE *(watching in awe)*
Ooooooooooooooh.

(He drops to his knees, not to learn, but to worship.)

INT. LIVING ROOM – ROUND TWO – MUSIC: "EYE OF THE TIGER" BLASTING

NICK *(slaps Joe's back like a boxing coach)*
Alright, Joe. Now *you*.

JOE *(cracks neck, wipes forehead)*
I got this.

Montage begins.

- Joe lunges face-first into Laura's thighs like he's storming Normandy.
- Nick paces behind him, shouting coaching lines:
  "Gentle tongue! Circular, not jackhammer!"

“YOU'RE NOT POLISHING A FLOOR BUFFER!”

- Laura lies there, completely unfazed, **crocheting a scarf** and **doing a crossword**.

LAURA *(bored, pencil in mouth)*
What’s a 9-letter word for "delusional persistence"?

NICK
“Texican?”

FAST FORWARD — TWO HOURS LATER

Joe is **drenched in sweat**, face glistening like a prizefighter in round 14, still giving it his all. Nick is now lounging next to Laura on the couch, **whisky in hand**, pants casually back on,

looking like a man who's accepted the decline of civilization.

LAURA *(suddenly gasps, then deadpan)*
Oh my my, Joe. *Wow wow.*
I've never come so hard.
(She squints, pees a ***little*** *on his face to fake a squirt. Zero conviction.)*

NICK *(leans forward, judging)*
You're not even trying anymore, are you?

LAURA *(shrugs, points lazily around the house)*
Look at this place. He makes 850k a year doing workout tutorials on OnlyFans.
I fake it for *a living room with a pool*.

NICK *(nods slowly, sipping)*
Hmmm.
You got any lube?

LAURA

Bedroom. Top drawer. Next to the NDA.

NEXT DAY.

INT. HOME STUDIO – NIGHT –

LIVESTREAM IN FULL SWING –

ONLYGAYFANS LIVE

CAMERA POV:

Joe is a **glowing Greek statue**, glistening with oil, **doing one-armed push-ups** with military rhythm.

Each push dips him **in and out of Nick**, who is face-down on a padded leather mat, **moaning in perfect comedic iambs**.

JOE *(to camera, smiling, mid-thrust)*

See guys? Multitasking.

Getting ripped *and* emptying balls.

And look at my partner—

(grunts and thrusts)

—all orgasming thanks to my sheer force.

NICK *(head lolling like a delighted puppet)*

Oh *wow wow*.

Oh *my my*.

Ooooh Lord, you are so big…

LAURA *(off-camera, wine glass in hand, Greek Chorus mode)*

Oooooh, you are so big...

NICK

So *absolutely huge*.

LAURA

So *ab-solutely huge.*

NICK

Gosh, we're all really impressed down here I can tell you.

LAURA

Gosh, *we're all really impressed down here I can tell you.*

(Beat.)

LAURA *(turns to Nick, squinting)*

Really? Monty Python?

NICK *(as Joe slams his final "touch down" into him, moaning like a Gregorian monk covered in lube)*

He bought me a motorboat.

(Joe flexes, releases with a roar)

JOE *(as cum flushes out of Nick in a biblical splash)*

TOUCHDOWN! TOUCHDOOOOOOWN!!

NICK *(panting)*

Two cabins.